

THE BASKET.

Vol. I.

HADDONFIELD, N. J., JANUARY 28, 1888.

No. 7.

I BIDE MY TIME.

I bide my time. Whenever shadows darken
Along my path, I do but lift mine eyes,
And faith reveals fair shores beyond the skies;
And thro' earth's harsh, discordant sounds I hearken,
And hear divinest music from afar,
Sweet sounds from lands where half my lov'd
I bide--I bide my time. Jones are.

I bide my time. Whatever woes assail me,
I know the strife is only for a day;
A friend waits for me farther on the way--
A friend too faithful and too true to fail me,
Who will bid all life's jarring turmoil cease,
And lead me on to realms of perfect peace.
I bide--I bide my time.

I bide my time. This conflict of resistance,
This drop of rapture in a cup of pain,
This wear and tear of body and of brain,
But fits my spirit for the new existence
Which waits me in the happy by and by;
So come what may, I'll lift my eyes and cry--
"I bide--I bide my time."—Alice Wheeler Wilcox.

The question has been asked, "Who is the Editor of *The Basket*?" We respond, The publisher is proprietor, editor, reporter, proof-reader, printer, "devil," and all, and therefore free from turn-outs, strikes, &c. He sets up the type, often without either manuscript or printed copy, and works off the forms, sometimes hundreds of impressions, and then "distributes" the type. He also keeps his books, mails the papers, saws and splits the kindling-wood, feeds the chickens, gathers the eggs, does a little job printing, prepares and bottles an excellent black and red writing ink, looks after the garden, and occasionally writes an article for other papers, (but he has no babies to nurse.)

All this, however, may not be considered as anything very extraordinary, as he has arrived at the age of maturity, having passed his 80th birthday last Christmas-day. Whatever of physical health or mental ability he may be possessed of, he attributes, first, to the mercy and loving kindness of his Heavenly Father; and, second, to his life-long opposition to the use of all kinds of alcoholic or malt liquors as beverages; and also to the use of tobacco, all of which he believes to be injurious to the human system as commonly used. They may be good in some peculiar cases, medicinally; else, why given to us?

If "The Basket," owing to its diminutive size, should be looked upon as an amateur effort, the publisher is no amateur, unless he shall be considered as in his second childhood; and of that he leaves others to judge.

Now, if there is any other young man of about the same age, belonging to the profession, who can show a better record, let him proceed, and—"take the cake."

Charles G. Anderson, living about two miles from Haddonfield, who fell off his wagon-load of wood and was badly hurt, on the 11th inst., has since died.

Irenaeus, a bishop of Lyons, France, in the 2d century, in speaking of the wise men of the East, who came to worship Jesus, gives the beautiful and poetic idea of their gifts: He represents them as presenting gold to the Royalty, incense to the Divinity, and myrrh to the Humanity of the new-born King.

We see it stated that there is man by the name of Doolittle who does the work of six men. If that is so, the six men must do very little work—Knights of Labor, perhaps, or hold some sinecure political offices.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Meissonier had a gardener who was a good botanist and a great wag. He knew the seeds of all sorts of plants, and Meissonier was always trying and always failing to puzzle him.

"I have got him now," said Meissonier to some friends at a dinner party, and he showed them a package of the roe of dried herrings. Then sent for the gardener. All the guests smiled.

"Do you know these seeds?" Meissonier asked.

The gardener examined them with great attention. "O yes," said he at last, "that is the seed of the POLPUS FLUXIMAS, a very rare tropical plant. A smile of triumph lighted the face of Meissonier.

"How long will it take the seed to come up?" he asked. "Fifteen days," said the gardener. At the end of the fifteen days, the guests were once more at table. After dinner the gardener was announced. "M. Meissonier," said he, "the plants are above the ground."

"O, this is a little too much," said the great painter, and all went out into the garden to behold the botanical wonder. The gardener lifted up a glass bell, under which was a little bed carefully made, and in which three rows of red herrings were sticking up their heads. The laugh was against Meissonier. He discharged the gardener, but took him back the next day.—N. Y. Sun.

CURIOSITY.—A popular male writer says: "Men are quite as curious as women, but they set business bounds to their curiosity, and do not dream of passing these. With women who have no business of their own, and cannot satisfy themselves with the reflection that this thing or that is not their affair, there is no question so intimate or confidential that they will not impart it to some other woman." [How is this, ladies? Can it be slander?]

The Moorestown Water Co. propose using their water plant to run electric lights, if sufficiently backed up by the residents.

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The Haddonfield Library Company held its eighty-fifth Annual Meeting on the 14th inst. The Report of the Trustees for the year 1887 was read, and shows that there were twelve hundred and twenty-seven books taken out of the Library during the year by three hundred and fifty-two readers. In addition to these, the Free Reading Room was frequented and used by a large number of persons. The number of volumes in the Library is 1680. Seventy-two new books were added during the year.

The officers elected were: President, Charles Rhoads; Secretary and Treasurer, Samuel A. Willits; Trustees, John H. Lippincott, Charles S. Braddock, John I. Glover, Joseph G. Evans, Sarah Nicholson, Samuel A. Willits. Librarian, Charles F. Redman.

MARY KIRBY.—The old people of Haddonfield are rapidly passing away, one by one in quick succession dropping out of the ranks. The last one was her whose name begins this tribute to her memory. She was long and well known by the older residents, and had many friends. When we first became acquainted with the family, it consisted of an old aunt, Gertrude Allen, Mary and Elizabeth Kirby, the parents having passed away. The first of this trio to go was "Lizzy," who seemed to be the stay of the house—the bread-winner. This was several years ago. The next one was "Aunt Gertrude," then more recently, Gertrude, a sister of Mary and Elizabeth. She had held a position in one of the charitable institutions in Philadelphia for many years, until her health failed, when she returned to spend her remaining days at her old home; and now Mary, the last and the oldest one of the sisters, has gone; and, as none of these ladies were ever married, the family becomes extinct. Mary was a member of the Episcopal church, and a good christian woman. Being left alone, she decided a few months ago to take up her abode with some friends at Fernwood, Pa. Before leaving, she remarked to her pastor that her "work was done." This seemed like a premonition of the great change that awaited her in the near future. This must have been a sore trial to her. She requested, as we understand, that she might have the privilege of being buried from her old home. This was granted, and the funeral services were performed in the old house on Monday last, in the presence of quite a large gathering of friends and acquaintances. Interment at Colestown cemetery.

Miss Annie Wilkins, daughter of Mr. S. Wilkins, has, in company of some friends, gone on a trip to Florida. We wish her a pleasant journey and safe return.

Death has deprived our dear old friend Rev. Noah Edwards of another daughter, Mrs. Ella M., wife of S. D. Quigg, of Pemberton, N. J. This is the second daughter that has been called away within a little over one year. We can deeply sympathise with him and his companion, knowing from experience the pain of parting with loved ones; but then happy is he or she who can truly say:

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain;
Take life or friends away;
But let me meet them all again,
In that eternal day.

We notice that in a recent election of Bank Directors at Camden, John Gill, J. A. J. Sheets and Alf. W. Clement, all of Haddonfield, were elected—the first named for the National State Bank, and the two latter for the First National Bank.

Frederick Holloway, a resident of Haddonfield, has recently returned from a six weeks' trip to see his parents, in London, England.

Dennis Kane, has also got back from a month's visit to his brothers in Muscatine, Iowa, where he reports ice as being twenty-five inches in thickness.

Here's a new Conundrum. Why is the year 1888 like a dollar and thirty-seven-and-a-half cents? Give it up? Because its 1 and three 88's! Wonder if the brain that elaborated this is not forever ruined?

INK. It is a pleasure to have a nice, good, black Ink to write with, with any kind of pen.

DIED,

On the 19th inst., **MARY KIRBY**, in her 80th year, at the residence of Josiah White, Fernwood, Pa., to which place she had recently removed.

On the 17th inst., **ACHSAH W.**, wife of William I. Tatem, ex-Sheriff. Funeral services at the Baptist Church, in Haddonfield.

On the 22d inst., at Pemberton, N. J., **ELLA**, wife of Samuel D. Quigg, and daughter of Rev. Noah Edwards, of Haddonfield.

CHARLES R. STEVENSON. FURMAN SHEPPARD PHILLIPS.

STEVENSON & PHILLIPS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

117 Market street.

Camden, N. J.

CHARLES R. STEVENSON,

Master in Chancery and Notary Public.

TO LOAN,

\$600, on first mortgage, at 6 per ct.
350, " " " "

WANTED,

\$1500, on first mortgage, at 5 per ct.
1500 " " " "
900 " " " "

FOR SALE,

Seven \$2500 mortgages bearing 5 per ct. interest.
One 4000 mortgage " " "
One 1800 mortgage " " "

STEVENSON & PHILLIPS,
117 Market street, Camden, N. J.

JOB and CARD Printing at the office of the "Basket."